

Mohave County Miner.

VOL. XIII.

KINGMAN, ARIZONA, JUNE 15, 1895.

NO. 33

St. Peter at the Gate.

[Exchange.]

St. Peter stood guard at the golden gate
With a solemn mien and an air sedate,
When up to the top of the golden stair
A man and a woman ascended there,
Applied for admission. They came and stood
Before St. Peter, so great and good,
In hopes the City of Peace to win—
And asked St. Peter to let them in.

The woman was tall and lank and thin,
With a scraggy beardlet on her chin,
The man was short and thick and stout,
His stomach was built so it rounded out,
His face was pleasant and the while
He wore a kindly and genial smile.
The choir in the distance the echoes woke,
And the man kept still while the woman spoke.

"O thou who guardest the gate," said she,
"We two come hither, beseeching thee
To let us enter the heavenly land,
And play our harps with the angel band.
Of me, St. Peter, there is no doubt,
There's nothing in heaven to bar me out,
I've been to the meetings three times a week,
And almost always I'd rise and speak."

"I've told the sinners about the day
When they'd repent their evil way,
I've told my neighbors—I've told them all
'Bout Adam and Eve, and the Primal Fall:
I've showed them what they'd have to do
If they'd pass in with the chosen few.
I've marked their path of duty clear—
Laid out the plan of their whole career."

"I've talked and talked to 'em loud and long,
For my lungs are good and my voice is strong;
So, good Peter, you'll clearly see
The gate of heaven is open to me.
But my old man, I regret to say,
Hasn't walked in exactly the narrow way.
He smokes and he swears, and grave faults he's
got,
And I don't know whether he'll pass or not."

He never would pray with an earnest vim,
Or go to revival or join in hymn.
So I had to leave him in sorrow there,
While I with the chosen united in prayer.
He ate what the pantry chanced to afford,
While I, in my purity, sang to the Lord,
And if cucumbers were all he got,
It's a chance if he merited them or not."

"But O, St. Peter, I love him so!
To the pleasure of heaven please let him go.
I've done enough—a saint I've been.
Won't that atone? Can't you let him in?
By my grim gospel I know 'tis so
That the unrepentant must fry below,
But isn't there some way you can see
That he may enter who's dear to me?"

"It's a narrow gospel by which I pray
But the chosen expect to find some way
Of coaxing, or fooling, or bribing you
So that their relations can amble through,
And say, St. Peter, it seems to me
This gate isn't kept as it ought to be.
You ought to stand by that opening there
And never sit down in the easy chair."

"And say, St. Peter, my eyes are dimmed
But I don't like the way your whiskers are
trimmed:

They're cut too wide and outward toss;
They'd look better narrow, cut straight across,
Well, we must be going, our crowns to win,
So open, St. Peter, and we'll pass in!"

St. Peter sat and stroked his staff,
But, spite his office he had to laugh,
Then said, with a fiery gleam in his eye,
"Who's tending the gateway—you or I?"
And then he arose in his stature tall,
And pressed a button upon the wall,
And said to the imp who answered the bell,
"Escort this lady around to hell!"

The man stood still as a piece of stone—
Stood sadly, gloomily there alone,
A lifelong, settled idea he had
That his wife was good and he was bad,
He thought, if the woman went down below
That he would certainly have to go—
That if she went to the regions dim
There wasn't the ghost of a chance for him.

Slowly he turned by habit bent
To follow wherever the woman went.
St. Peter standing on duty there,
Observed that the top of his head was bare.
He called the gentleman back, and said:
"Friend how long have you been wed?"
"Thirty years" (with a weary sigh).
And then he thoughtfully added, "Why?"

St. Peter was silent. With head bent down
He raised his hand and scratched his crown,
Then, seeming a different thought to take,
Slowly, half to himself he spake:
"Thirty years with that woman there?
No wonder the man hasn't any hair!
Swearing is wicked. Smoke's not good.
He smoked and swore—I should think he
would."

"Thirty years with that tongue so sharp?
Ho! Angel Gabriel! Give him a harp!
A jeweled harp with a golden string!
Good, sir, pass in, where the angels sing!
Gabriel, give him a seat alone—
One with a cushion—up near the throne.
Call up some angels to play their best,
Let him enjoy the music and rest."

"See that on finest Ambrosia he feeds
He's had about all the hell he needs.
It isn't hardly the thing to do
To roast him on earth and in future too."

They have him a harp with golden strings,
A glittering robe and a pair of wings,
And he said as he entered the realm of day,
"Well, this beats cucumbers anyway!"
And so the scriptures had come to pass;
"The last shall be first and the first shall be
last."

How the Price of Silver is Controlled.

If the law of supply and demand, as applied to the bullion value of the precious metals, is not affected by legislation, as the gold men claim, gold should have been falling in value the past five years and silver should have risen. According to the estimates of Mr. Valentine of Wells, Fargo & Co., an acknowledged authority on the subject, however, the product of gold has risen in value from \$31,795,368 in 1890 to \$45,892,668 in 1894, and the product of silver has fallen in amount from 60,510,000 ounces in 1890 to 45,580,911 ounces in 1894, and yet the value of silver has been falling and that of gold has been rising, the exact opposite of the theory of supply and demand, as effected by the production of the two metals.

If then the theory of supply and demand is applicable to this question, it is evident that the supply and demand have been artificially influenced, or, in other words, that adverse legislation has lessened the demand, and consequently the supply has exceeded it.

That that is the case is plainly shown by other facts which directly effect the supply and demand theory. It is said, for instance, that with free silver in this country the silver of the rest of the world would be poured into the United States, and graphic pictures will be drawn of the silver of India, of Europe and of South America flooding the country with a white stream.

It appears, however, that India is importing silver, not exporting it, and that the consistent Briton who wants gold monometallism in the United States is guilty of coining a silver trade dollar for circulation in the East, much on the same principle that Englishmen advocate free trade in the United States but have a high tariff in every part of the British empire except in Great Britain and Ireland.

The San Francisco Call has a very interesting editorial on this point the other day, in the course of which it said:

"Despite the efforts of the British government to provide a gold currency for India, the report for the fiscal year just closed shows imports of nearly 27,000,000 ounces of silver into British India, while about 700,000 ounces of gold were exported. This would seem to imply that silver is the true money metal of the country and that the attempt to force a gold standard there with the use of gold coin is as vain as an attempt to make water run up hill."

"Hardly less interesting than this seeming failure of the attempt to make India a gold money country is the report that the dies for the new British 'trade dollar' have been received at the Indian mints and that the coinage will begin at once. The new coin which has a weight of 416 grains and is similar in size, weight, and fineness to the Japanese 'yen,' is intended for circulation throughout the Orient and will be current in all British trading centers in Eastern Asia. The making of these coins will of course create a demand for a considerable quantity of silver, and it has already been suggested that there will be a big profit for the English in buying silver cheap in this country and sending it to India for manufacture into Oriental money."

It appears therefore that the demand of silver is actually increasing, out that the spectators across the water, and their Wall street allies, are able by legislation to artificially depress the price, so that they may make a few millions by the manipulation of the two metals. It is the purpose of Great Britain to control so far as possible China, Japan and the East with its silver trade dollars, and this country with its gold bonds, notes and mortgages. As the Call well says:

"As affairs stand at present, Great Britain seems to be having everything her own way. By the force of her influence she holds Europe and the United States to the gold standard which she uses at home, and then through her Indian mints she coins silver with which to capture the trade of Asia. Exactly as she buys American cotton, carries it to Manchester and manufactures it into cloth, which she sells at a profit at Hongkong, so will she buy American silver, carry it to London, ship it thence

to the Indian mints, manufacture it into the new trade dollar and make another profit in Hongkong. How long will the United States allow these astute islanders to play single standard at home and double standard in the East, while we play single standard all the time, and lose all the profit of coining our silver for the Eastern trade?"

The question asked by the Call is very pertinent at this time. How long will the United States, a nation of 70,000,000 intelligent people, take its financial policy from a few foreign bankers? Is it not clear that the money market is being artificially manipulated by a few designing and unscrupulous foreigners for their personal benefit, and that with the aid of the administration they are making millions out of the American people by this juggling of gold dollar and silver bullion?

No man can study the facts and figures, the statistics furnished even by the administration, without seeing as clearly as the noonday sun that there is a manipulation of the money market with government aid now going on, and that behind the cry for 'an honest dollar' is, among the leaders of the movement, the desire for a dishonest profit from the debtor classes and the people.

The fight is a severe one. It is between foreignism and Americanism; between concentrated capital and the people; between the greed of a few men and the needs of millions. Today the power lies in the hands of the millions to establish for all time to come their freedom. Will they have the good judgment to use it, or will they allow themselves to be manipulated and deceived by those who have always been their enemies?

There is the issue and the only issue.—Los Angeles Express.

The Fallacy of Lost Mines.

When it comes to lost mines Arizona is strictly in it and everything from cellar to garret goes. A few days since the Citizen man bemoaned a trick overlooked; that California had made a scoop on the Lost Horse mine and Arizona was in the soup of departed greatness, but on being reminded by the Phenix Herald that the land of the horned toad and the cactus was still in it and that the "Lost Jackass" exceeded the wealth of the Indies we pass and add the "Barn Door" to the territorial treasury.

The Santa Catalina range, one of the grandest and most sublime of the great upheavals in southern Arizona is the home of lost mines. Within its mysterious and labyrinthine depths the legends of the past have root and radiation. Here romance and reality were conceived and born, the lost mine has its home and over it the gaunt spectre of the past, holds its unceasing watch.

The lost mines in Arizona are as ubiquitous as the lost tribes of Israel. They exist in story and song, they are ignis fatuus of the gold seeker and, Jack O'Lantern like, have lured many a brave man to his grave. The end is still afar off, for the legend of hidden gold never dies. Bright as the morning sun that gilds Mount Lemon's peaks or dips in the golden west, they can be had for the mere finding, but like death in Hamlet's famous soliloquy "there's the rub." The complications and desert dangers in Kipling's King Solomon's mines have been laughed to scorn a thousand times in Arizona, and voyages more fraught with peril than Jason's quest for the Golden Fleece have not wanted for men to do and dare not do.

The hypnotic influence of "lost mines" has ever run through frontier flood as lightning leaps through air. With fascinating glitter the legends of the past gleam and glisten in the sun. The more distant, the more hazardous the pathway to the golden goal the more determined and heroically is it sought. "I dare do all that man may do who dares do more is none," has been exemplified without end by Arizonans. Disappointed ever but discouraged never, while the lamp of life continues to flicker and burn. Like the "Old Guard" at Waterloo "they die but never surrender" the idea of lost mines and their ultimate discovery. But the search is never done. Some canyons must be re-explored, some

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

hill again climbed; a pathless and waterless waste must be again crossed, ledges re-examined, new dangers faced and death again braved.

When the mania for finding a lost mine once fairly takes possession of a prospector his whole heart and soul is centered on the one unsatisfied desire. Youth and strength are frittered away in the hopeless cause and when the last ditch of life has been reached and they can no longer brave the rigors of the hills, they bemoan their fate and curse their grizzled age. "It," said one of them within the hearing of the writer, not a week ago, "if I had had a little more time in there I know I could have found it, but Bill was killed by the Indians, Tom got crazy for water and died and I had to get out, but I know it's there," and so the thousandth lost mine story has been told.

Occasionally a "find" is made but it brings no lasting joy. The fabulously rich "Barn Door" mine of the Santa Catalinas has been discovered, so many people think, but even the identity of this is in dispute. Some miners who have examined it declare it to be nothing but a natural rift in the face of a great bluff made in one of nature's throes when the world was new, but others, good men and experienced miners too, can see in the cavernous opening in the rock the handiwork of the ancient gold-seeker, but all agree that, so far as rich mineral is concerned, there is nothing in it. But this will not deter men from braving anew dangers in a hopeless quest of which there is no end. Evidences of former towns are plentifully scattered throughout the fastnesses of the Santa Catalinas, and the ruins of arastras, where the Aztec or Jesuit slave once crushed his ore, are numerous, and these appeal strongly to the venturesome, but by whose hands they were wrought and worked or from whence came the glittering gold they sought is a mystery shrouded in the dim uncertainty of the past, and which time with its erosive hand is ever thickening.—Tucson Citizen.

A man who writes for a newspaper is of few years and lots of grief, says an exchange. He riseth in the morning and knoweth not what a day may bring forth. If he telleth all the news he runneth a great risk of having a tin ear put on him, and if he telleth not the news the people say he is n. g. and there is no joy in it. The crafty man cajoleth him into giving him a dollar puff for a five cent cigar, and fond mothers frown on him if he fails to flatter their freckled lace broods. And all his ways are ways of woe, and all his days are full of sorrow. The life insurance man tracketh snares for him and on the whole he has a deuce of a time.

At Elgin cutting and shipping mesquit roots has become a thriving industry. Two carloads per week are now shipped to Sonora, and about thirty burros and a four horse team are engaged in hauling the same to the railroad, besides giving employment to several men cutting the root. The supply is some seven miles distant and seems inexhaustible.—Oasis.

Meal of Sunflower Cake.

Sunflower cake has been found, especially in Russia, one of the best auxiliary cattle foods. As early as the year 1866 about 100,000 centners of sunflower oil (oil of the seeds of Helianthus) were manufactured in Russia, and its amount was increased year by year, it being esteemed as a very palatable alimentary oil. The oil was formerly obtained by hydraulic means; the residual cake is harder than any other variety of oil cake, and for this reason apparently it has not found a wider application. Denmark and the northern countries import large quantities annually, as do also the eastern provinces of Germany, and the problem of its disintegration has been successfully solved by several manufacturers there. It is still unknown in southern and western Germany; now, however, that it is put on the market in the form of meal it will doubtless soon find general application, suited, as it is, both on account of its composition and pleasant taste, for fattening cattle. The percentage of protein varies from about 30 to 44 per cent, the fat between about 9 to 18 per cent. It is possible to prepare two qualities, one rich in protein and poor in fat, and the other rich in fat and poor in protein. When, for example, the somewhat finely ground meal is sifted, employing a mesh of 1 mm., that which passes through is much richer in protein and poorer in fat than the original, while the reverse is true of that which remains in the sieve.

Daniel Webster on the Great West.

When we think of the teeming population which now fills many portions of our country west of the Rocky Mountains, and remember how famous, all over the world, is their singular beauty, and their incomparable beauty to the tourist, the health seeker, the agriculturist and the horticulturist, as well as the miner, it is interesting to read what so intelligent a statesman as Daniel Webster thought of them just fifty years ago, and to know that his views were shared by many other prominent public men of the time. In a speech delivered in the United States Senate in 1844, with regard to the proposal that a mail service should be established between the Missouri and the Pacific Webster said: "What do we want with this vast worthless area, this region of savages and wild beasts, of deserts, of shifting sands and whirlwinds of dust, of cactus and prairie dogs? To what use could we ever hope to put these great deserts, or these endless mountain ranges, impenetrable, and covered to their bases with eternal snow? What can we ever hope to do with the western coast, a coast of three thousand miles, rock-bound, cheerless and uninviting, with not a harbor on it? What use have we for such a country? Mr. President, I will never vote one cent from the public treasury to place the Pacific coast one inch nearer Boston than it is today."—Yuma Times.

Gypsum is found in a dozen different localities.

LEVI STRAUSS & CO'S



COPPER RIVETED CLOTHING
EVERY GARMENT GUARANTEED.
FACTORY - SAN FRANCISCO - CALIFORNIA.